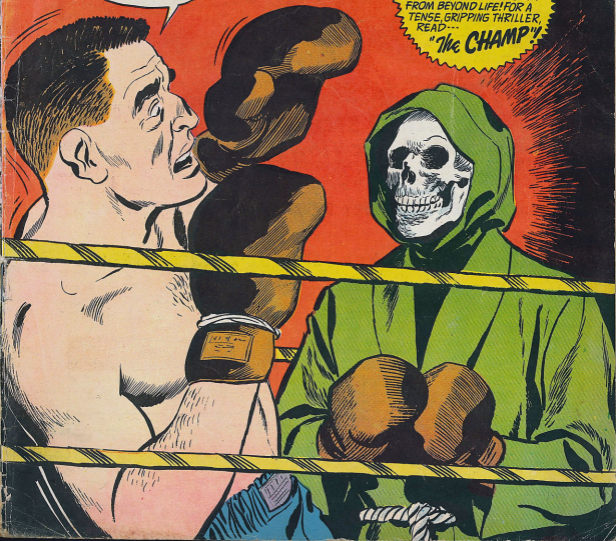


FORBIDDEN WORLDS

10¢

NO... NO...
I CAN'T FIGHT
DEATH!

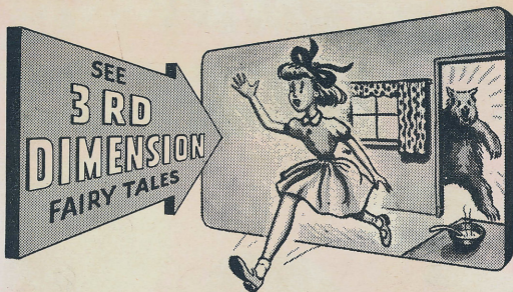
TERRY
DUNN WAS A
KILLER IN THE RING,
AND NONE COULD STAND
UP BEFORE HIS MURDEROUS
FISTS! BUT THAT WAS BEFORE
HE FACED A GRIM OPPONENT
FROM BEYOND LIFE! FOR A
TENSE, GRIPPING THRILLER,
READ...
"The CHAMP!"





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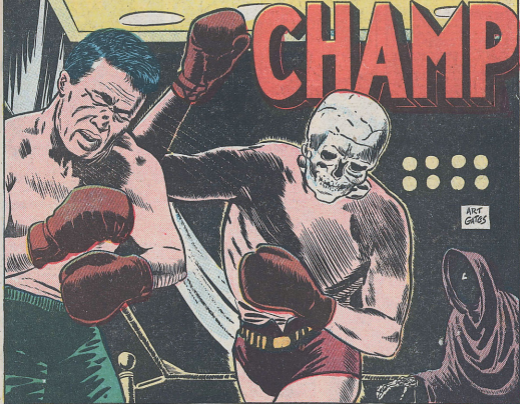
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TERRY DUNN? HE WAS THE MOST RUTHLESS AND BRUTAL FIGHTER WHO EVER STEPPED INTO THE RING! SURE YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM... WHO HASN'T? BUT HAVE YOU HEARD OF THE GHASTLY NIGHT WHEN TERRY FOUGHT HIS LAST FIGHT? DID YOU SIT IN THAT VAST, SILENT ARENA AND WATCH HIM TREMBLE WITH TERROR AS HE FACED THE MOST DEADLY AND MERCILESS KILLER OF THEM ALL...

THE

CHAMP



IN A DRESSING ROOM OF THE MID-TOWN BOXING ARENA, TERRY DUNN PLEADED WITH HIS MANAGER, TIP REILLY...

LOOK, TIP, I HAVEN'T HAD A FIGHT IN MONTHS... I'M GETTIN' STALE! YOU GOTTA GET ME A MATCH!

LAY OFF, TERRY! YOU KNOW I'M BUSY LINING UP FIGHTS FOR KID BLAZE! HE'S REAL CHAMPIONSHIP MATERIAL!



YEAH, I KNOW... I CAN REMEMBER WHEN YOU TALKED LIKE THAT ABOUT ME!

LOOK, GET OUT OF MY HAIR, TERRY! THE KID GOES ON IN FIVE MINUTES! THIS FIGHT PUTS HIM IN LINE FOR THE CHAMP!



TERRY WENT BLIND WITH ANGER! THAT CHAMPIONSHIP BOUT WOULD HAVE BEEN HIS, IF IT WEREN'T FOR KID BLAZE! A MOMENT LATER, IN A CORNER OF THE DRESSING ROOM, HE CARRIED OUT THE PLAN THAT HAD BROUGHT HIM THERE...

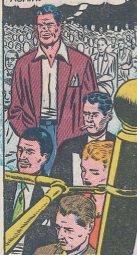
THESE KNOCK-OUT PILLS IN THE WATER BOTTLE WILL DO THE TRICK! ONE SWIG OF THIS DURING THE FIGHT, AND THE KID WILL BE ROCKING ON HIS HEELS!



FORBIDDEN WORLDS, published monthly and copyright, 1953, by Titan Publishing Co. Inc., 420 DeSoto Avenue, St. Louis 7, Missouri. Editorial offices, 45 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y. Richard E. Hughes, Editor; Frederick H. Iyer, Business Manager. Subscription (12 issues), \$1.20; single copies, 50c; foreign postage extra. All characters are fictitious and use of any real names is coincidental. For advertising information, address American Comics Group, 45 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y. Re-entered as second class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Missouri, No. 26, February, 1954.

Printed in U.S.A.

YEAH, THAT'S IT! WHEN BLAZE GETS HIS LUMPS TONIGHT, TIP'LL DROP HIM LIKE A HOT POTATO... AND I'LL BE MR. BIG WITH HIM AGAIN!

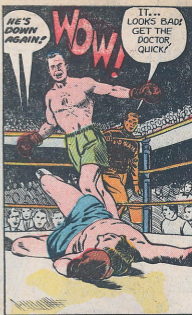


BUT WITH GRISLY IRONY, TERRY DUNKY'S PLAN WORKED FAR BETTER THAN HE HAD HOPED! BY THE END OF THE SIXTH ROUND...



WHAT'S **WRONG** WITH THE KID? HE'S BEEN ACTIN' DIZZY FOR THE LAST TWO ROUNDS!

YEAH, AN' I NEVER SEEN ANYONE TAKE SUCH **PUNISHMENT!** WHY DON'T THEY **STOP THE FIGHT... BEFORE...**



HE'S **DOWN AGAIN!**

Wow!

IT... LOOKS BAD! GET THE DOCTOR QUICK!

SORRY, BOYS... BETTER CALL THE **CORONER.** THIS MAN IS **DEAD.**



DEAD, EH? WELL, THAT MAKES IT SIMPLER! NOW TIP WILL FIND MORE TIME FOR **ME!** BEFORE LONG, IT'LL BE **ME** WHO'LL BE IN LINE TO MEET THE **CHAMP!**

AND SO, WITH CALLOUS CRUELTY, TERRY DISMISSED THE EVIL HE HAD DONE! AND IN THE FOLLOWING MONTHS, BACK IN HIS MANAGER'S FAVOR, HE ROSE RAPIDLY AMONG THE CONTENTENDERS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP! THEN, ONE NIGHT...

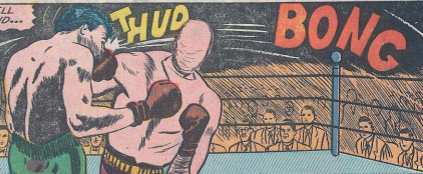
OKAY, TERRY, THIS IS YOUR **BIG CHANCE!** GET PAST THIS CALLAHAN BOY AND YOU GET A CRACK AT THE **CHAMP!**

DON'T WORRY, TIP, I'LL HANDLE IT!



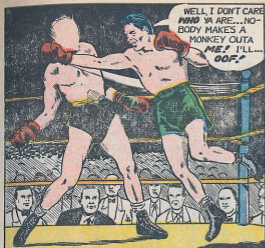
THEN, AS THE BELL SEEMED TO SOUND...

HEY, THEY PULLED A **SWITCH!** THIS AIN'T CALLAHAN! THIS GUY... HE... HE'S GOT **NO FACE!**

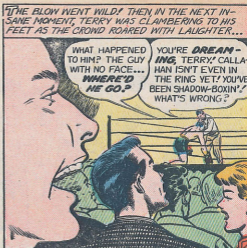


THUD

BONG



WELL, I DON'T CARE WHO YA ARE...NOBODY MAKES A MONKEY OUTTA ME! I'LL... OOF!



WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM? THE GUY WITH NO FACE... WHERE'D HE GO?

YOU'RE DREAMING, TERRY! CALLA MAN ISN'T EVEN IN THE RING YET! YOU'VE BEEN SHADOW-BOXIN'! WHAT'S WRONG?



STICK WITH FEAR, TERRY STUMBLED BLINDLY FROM THE RING...

COME BACK, YOU FOOL! WALK OUT ON THIS FIGHT AND YOU'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER BOUT IN THIS STATE!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, TIP! I CAN'T GO BACK IN THERE! I CAN'T!



TERROR DROVE HIM FROM THE ARENA! HOURS LATER, HE WAS STILL TRYING TO FORGET WHAT HAD HAPPENED! THEN...

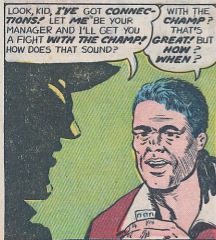
I SAW WHAT HAPPENED TONIGHT, TERRY! A SHAME, TOO, AFTER THE TROUBLE YOU HAD GETTING RID OF KID BLAZE!

KID BLAZE? N.WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?



RELAX...I WOULDN'T TELL ANYONE ABOUT THAT WATER BOTTLE! BESIDES, I'M A GREAT ADMIRER OF YOURS! I THINK YOU'VE GOT THE STUFF TO BE THE NEXT CHAMP!

YEAH, EAT CHANCE! WHO'D GIVE ME A FIGHT AFTER TO-NIGHT'S MESS?



LOOK, KID, I'VE GOT CONNECTIONS! LET ME BE YOUR MANAGER AND I'LL GET YOU A FIGHT WITH THE CHAMP! HOW DOES THAT SOUND?

WITH THE CHAMP? THAT'S GREAT! BUT NOW? WHEN?



EASY TERRY...FIRST YOU'VE GOT TO GET READY FOR IT! COME DOWN TO THE ARENA TOMORROW NIGHT! THERE ARE A FEW DETAILS TO BE ARRANGED!

OKAY, I'LL BE THERE!



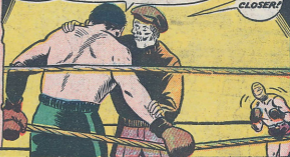
OKAY! OKAY! I'LL FIGHT THE CHAMP NOW OR ANY OTHER TIME...JUST SO LONG AS I GET A CRACK AT THE TITLE!



IT WAS A FEW MINUTES LATER THAT TERRY CLIMBED INTO THE RING IN THE CENTER OF THE WEIRDLY SILENT ARENA! BUT AS HIS OPPONENT STEPPED THROUGH THE ROPES...

HEY, *THAT'S* NOT THE CHAMP! THAT'S THE GUY I FOUGHT WHEN THEY LAUGHED ME OUT OF THE RING! IT'S THE **MAN WITHOUT A FACE!**

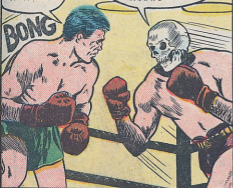
WITHOUT A FACE? LOOK CLOSER!



THE BELL RANG...AND AS HE MOVED TO THE CENTER OF THE RING, TERRY DUNN FELT HIS BLOOD FREEZE WITH UNSPEAKABLE HORROR!

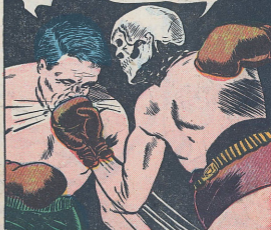
IT...IT'S **DEATH!**
OH, NO...
N-NO...

YES, TERRY, IT'S **DEATH** HIMSELF! THE **CHAMP!** THE **UNBEATEN** CHAMP!



UGH!

YOU *ASKED* FOR THIS FIGHT, DIDN'T YOU, TERRY? YOU ALWAYS *DID* WANT TO FIGHT THE CHAMP!



NO! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SCARE ME, *WHOEVER* YOU ARE! I'LL EVEN SLUG IT OUT WITH **DEATH** TO WIN THE CHAMPIONSHIP!

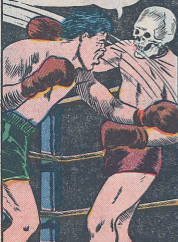
DESPERATE, MADDENED WITH FEAR AND RAGE TERRY FOUGHT ON WILDLY! AT THE BELL, HE WAS ASSAILED BY A RAGING THIRST...

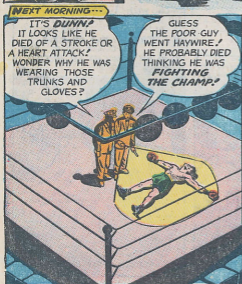
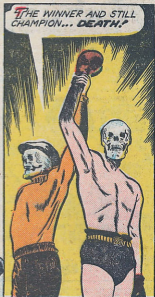
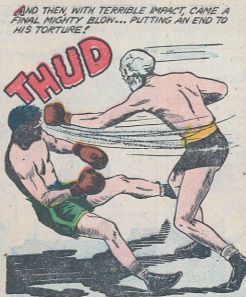
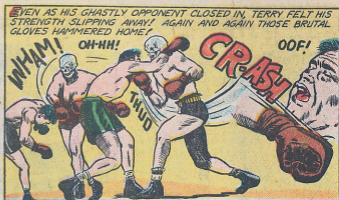
EASY, TERRY! YOU DON'T WANT TOO MUCH OF *THAT* STUFF! HEH-HEH!

GLUG...
GLUG!

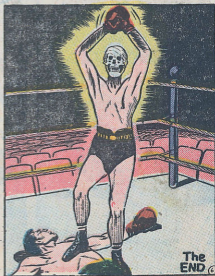
HEY, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS WATER? IT TASTES **BITTER!**

I CAN **UNDERSTAND** THAT! YOU SEE, IT'S THE SAME BOTTLE **KID BLAZE** DRANK FROM...*THE NIGHT HE DIED!*





AND SO THEY JESTED OVER THE BODY OF TERRY DUNN! HOW COULD THEY GUESS THAT HE HAD FOUGHT THAT NIGHT ... FOUGHT THE BIGGEST CHAMPION OF ALL ... AND **LOST!**

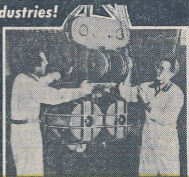


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DEATH *Through the* AGES!

WHEREVER THE SUPERNATURAL is discussed in hushed whispers, there you will hear the name of Ransome Castle, that old pile built by the first Duke of Ransome, and reputed to suffer from the worst curse in history. The facts are these. The old Duke, a famed scholar and world traveler of his time, had built his castle near London in the 1700's. It was a magnificent structure, and close to his heart. But he wasn't destined to live out his days there. Accused of plotting against the throne, he was executed...but before he died, he swore that no one else would live in the home he had so loved, and placed a curse on whomsoever dared inhabit the place. And strangely enough, the curse worked. Time and again, descendants who tried to take over the castle were found dead in the Duke's study, an expression of awful agony in their faces, their foam-flecked lips forever stilled, as if in possession of some dark secret which could never be revealed. Small wonder that superstitious terror kept the halls of Ransome Castle empty and locked, for none dared live there.

In 1953, however, the situation changed. The property had been inherited by Meg Ransome, young, lovely and daring descendant of the old Duke. Now engaged to marry Frank Dalton, a young American research chemist, she determined that this would be their marital home...and so, after years of darkness, the old place had once more been opened. All except the old Duke's study. Mr. Favisham, the solicitor, didn't want to open that, because all the deaths had occurred there. But Meg's insistence prevailed...once more, the grim spot saw the light of day. Inside it, they clustered about a strange portrait which hung on the wall. It was the Duke...looking as if he were alive. "Talk about 3-D!" muttered Frank. "He seems to be starting right out of the frame! And his hand...that ring seems to be practically projecting! Let's get out of here...I can't stand that murderous look in his eyes!" And so Frank and Meg departed, leaving Mr. Favisham staring at the portrait, almost hypnotized.

It was bare moments later that the scream came, and they rushed in to find the solicitor on the floor. He was in agony, foam

flecking his lips as he rolled back and forth. He couldn't tell them anything before he expired, his staring eyes filled with a vision of other-worldly terror. Another link in the chain of mysterious death through the ages...but Meg refused to go. She wasn't going to let superstition *route her*, she insisted. But if only her ancestor hadn't returned from his world travels to build this old castle...if only he'd stayed in Australia...maybe none of this would ever have happened! "Australia?" asked Frank thoughtfully. "Hmmm...I wonder! Look, Meg, I've got some work to do! First at the public library...and if that works out, at a medical lab! I'll be back as soon as I can...but meanwhile, promise me... *don't set foot in that study!*"

It was a promise Meg found hard to keep. A morbid fascination seemed to draw her back there, and in she ventured, promising herself to exercise extreme care. The old Duke's portrait seemed more 3-dimensional than ever...the gleaming ring seemed to virtually stretch from the canvas! How had the artist ever managed *that*? She felt the Duke's hypnotic eyes upon her...she had to touch that jutting ring! She drew back her hand with an exclamation of pain. So that was how it had been done...the ring had been achieved with paint which projected from the picture, and its sharp edge had pricked her finger. And then...the whirling dizziness began, the awful pain.

Approaching the castle, Frank heard the screaming, and it lent wings to his feet. When he entered, she was on the floor beneath the portrait, writhing and gasping, her lips foam-flecked. Swiftly, the chemist injected the contents of a glass ampoule into her arm...just in time! She recovered to hear the story...how the projecting ring had been coated with the venom of the bush-master, the deadliest snake of Australia. The symptoms of the victims had made him suspect some type of venom, and the knowledge that the Duke had been in Australia made him further suspicious. After having verified his ideas in the library, he'd made a rush call to secure the anti-venom...and had arrived with it at the crucial moment! Yes, there was a curse here which brought death through the ages...but science had conquered it!

The Specters of Carteret Castle

DOWN THE LONG GENERATIONS, **TERROR** STALKED THE ANCIENT HALLS OF CARTERET CASTLE! SLOWLY A GREAT AND PROUD FAMILY DWINDLED-- STRUCK DOWN BY AN UNSEEN FIEND CARRYING OUT AN ANCIENT VENGEANCE!



EUROPE-BOUND--

I DON'T GET IT, NANCY-- I KNOW YOUR UNCLE IS ON HIS DEATHBED, BUT WHY SHOULD HIS LAWYERS ASK YOU TO COME QUICKLY WITHOUT TELLING THE OLD BOY ABOUT IT?

THERE'S LOTS ABOUT MY LIFE BEFORE WE WERE MARRIED YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT, JIM! YOU SEE, UNCLE HORACE WOULD BE DEAD SET AGAINST MY EVER SETTING FOOT IN THE CASTLE AGAIN!

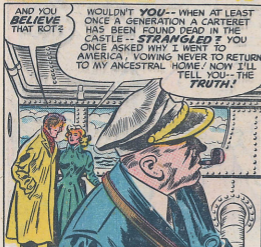
AS A MATTER-OF-FACT AMERICAN, YOU'D SCOFF AT OUR OLD ENGLISH SUPERSTITIONS! BUT SINCE YOU'RE ACTUALLY GOING TO BE ON THE SCENE, I'M GOING TO TELL YOU THINGS THAT MIGHT BETTER BE LEFT UNTOLD! YOU SEE-- FOR OVER 300 YEARS, THE CARTERET FAMILY HAS BEEN LIVING UNDER A **CURSE**! IT ALL BEGAN IN 1632--

"THERE WERE TWO CARTERET BROTHERS THEN-- EDWIN AND PHILIP..."

DON'T LIE, PHILIP-- YOU **STOLE** FROM ME TO PAY YOUR GAMBLING DEBTS MONEY WHICH FATHER ENTRUSTED TO ME TO PAY OUR MEN--AT--ARMS!

VERY TRUE! BUT IF I ADMIT IT, FATHER WOULD DIS-INHERIT ME! HE HATES ME AS MUCH AS YOU DO--WHICH IS WHY YOU MUST BE **SILENCED--**





ENGLAND--



CARTERET CASTLE! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS-- IT STILL SCARES ME!

DON'T LET THAT CHILDHOOD NIGHTMARE THROW YOU, HONEY-- THE WHOLE THING'S RIDICULOUS **SUPERSTITION!**

WITHIN THE ANCIENT WALLS--

ARE YOU **MAD**, YOUNG MAN-- TO BRING NANCY **HERE--** TO SUCH **DEADLY PERIL?**

I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT **ENOUGH** OF THIS CRAZY TALK ABOUT **CURSES AND GHOSTS!** I'M NOT SCARED-- I'D JUST LIKE TO **SEE** SOME SPOOK SHOW ITS FACE!

IT WAS AS IF THOSE FATAL WORDS PRODUCED A MOCKING ANSWER FROM OUT OF THE **UNKNOWN!** FOR SUDDENLY--

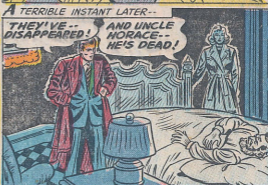
GREAT SCOTT! SPECTRAL HANDS--AND THEY'RE KILLING HIM!



A TERRIBLE INSTANT LATER--

THEY'VE-- DISAPPEARED!

AND UNCLE **HORACE-- HE'S DEAD!**



WHAT A **FOOL** I WAS! YOU'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE, **NANCY-- NOW!**

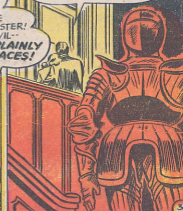
THERE-- THERE'S NO WAY TO LEAVE THE CASTLE TILL MORNING! BUT LET'S --LET'S GET AS FAR AWAY FROM THIS ROOM AS POSSIBLE!

IN THE STUDY BELOW-- LINED WITH THE ANCESTRAL PORTRAITS OF THE CARTERETS--

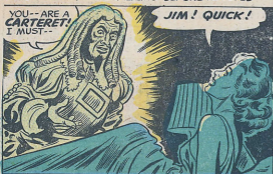
JUDGING FROM THE DATES-- **1632--** THOSE MUST BE THE GUYS THAT STARTED THE WHOLE GORY BUSINESS!

THERE ARE NO NAMES GIVEN, BUT IT'S EASY TO **SEE** WHO MUST HAVE BEEN THE MONSTER! GOOD AND EVIL-- **WRITTEN PLAINLY ON THEIR FACES!**

I'M STANDING GUARD OUT HERE ALL NIGHT! NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOU--AND TOMORROW WE'RE **LEAVING!**



LONG PAST MIDNIGHT, A NAMELESS DREAD AWAKENED NANCY! THERE, MATERIALIZING BEFORE HER EYES--



YOU--ARE A CARTERET! I MUST--

JIM! QUICK!



GREAT GUNS! I CAN'T STOP IT!

SWISH!

SUDDENLY, A SECOND GHOST APPEARED-- AS THE SPIRITS LOCKED IN DEADLY COMBAT--



LOOK! IT'S THE GOOD ONE!

SO, BROTHER-- WE MEET AGAIN! THIS TIME--



JIM--THEY'RE BOTH DISAPPEARING!

IT'S EASY TO FIGURE-- THE DEMON CAME FOR YOU AFTER STRANGLING YOUR UNCLE! IF THE GOOD SPIRIT, EDWIN, HADN'T ARRIVED-- YOU'D BE DEAD! WE'RE LEAVING INSTANTLY!

NO! ALL MY LIFE I'VE BEEN PLAGUED BY FEAR--BUT NOW THAT I'VE GOT AN ALLY IN EDWIN'S GHOST, I'M STAYING UNTIL PHILIP HAS BEEN DESTROYED!



AFTER A BITTER ARGUMENT--

SINCE NOTHING

CAN CHANGE YOUR MIND-- I'LL HAVE TO JOIN YOU! BUT WE MAY NEED MORE AID AGAINST PHILIP THAN JUST EDWIN! REMEMBER, PHILIP KILLED HIM IN LIFE AND MAY BEST HIM AGAIN IN DEATH! HOWEVER, THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHIC RESEARCH HAS A LONDON BRANCH AND THEY MAY BE ABLE TO HELP US!



IN THE OFFICE OF DR. ANDREWS, HEAD OF THE SOCIETY--

I'M WELL ACQUAINTED WITH THE MATTER OF THE SPECTERS OF CARTERET CASTLE! YOU SEE, JUST AT THE TIME THIS YOUNG LADY WAS FORCED TO LEAVE THE CASTLE-- TWO OF OUR RESEARCHERS WERE ON THE SCENE AT SIR HORACE'S REQUEST! UNFORTUNATELY, THE SPECTER OF PHILIP PROVED MUCH TOO STRONG FOR US!



THERE'S AN OLD AXIOM AMONG STUDENTS OF THE PSYCHIC! IT SAYS, FIND THE SPIRIT'S **TALISMAN**-- THAT WHICH ACCOMPANIES HIS EVIL--AND IT MAY BE TURNED AGAINST HIM, DRIVING HIM BACK INTO THE **UNKNOWN**! FAILING THIS, **THESE** WILL TEMPORARILY GUARD YOU AGAINST HIM! LET ME EXPLAIN THEIR MYSTIC PROPERTIES--



LATER--AS NIGHT FALLS--

FRANKLY, I THINK DR. ANDREWS IS NUTS--BUT I CAN'T SEE ANY **HARM** IN HANGING THESE THINGS IN EVERY ROOM OF THE CASTLE!



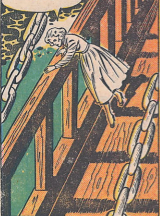
HE CALLED THEM **RANEROS**-- SUPPOSEDLY INVENTED BY THE GREAT MEDIEVAL WIZARD **NOSTRADAMUS** HIMSELF! ANDREWS SAID NOBODY UNDERSTOOD THEIR MYSTIC PROPERTIES--BUT SUPPOSEDLY, NO EVIL SPIRIT CAN LAY A HAND ON A HUMAN IN ANY CHAMBER WHERE ONE OF THESE IS HUNG!

WELL, JUST ONE MORE ROOM TO GO--AND THEN WE SHOULD BE SAFE AGAINST THAT EVIL CREEP!



GOOD! I'M GOING DOWN TO THE DRAW-BRIDGE TO WATCH THE MOON RISE OVER THE MOAT! I USED TO LOVE IT AS A CHILD!

STRANGE HOW THE MOON GUSTENS ON THE WATER--SO EERIE--

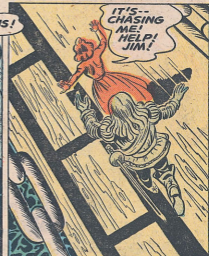


SUDDENLY--SHIMMERING WEIRDLY--

GOOD HEAVENS! IT'S THE EVIL GHOST--MATERIALIZING!



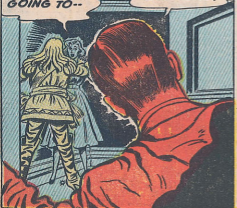
IT'S-- CHASING ME! HELP! JIM!



CORNERING THE TERROR-STRICKEN GIRL INSIDE THE OLD CASTLE--

JIM! IT'S GOING TO--

NOT WHILE I'M HERE!



WITHOUT WARNING, AS THE EVIL-LOOKING GHOST TURNED TO FACE JIM--

AND NOT WHILE I'M HERE!



JIM! IT'S EDWIN!

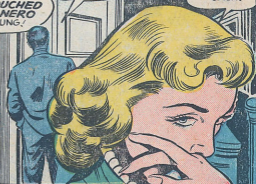
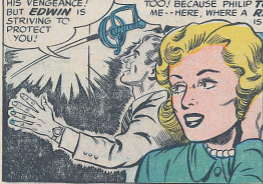
NEXT MOMENT--

NOW THEY'VE **BOTH** DISAPPEARED! I GET IT ALL NOW--PHILIP IS TRYING TO **KILL** YOU, AND COMPLETE HIS VENGEANCE! BUT **EDWIN** IS STRIVING TO PROTECT YOU!

YES, BUT THIS PROVES THE WORTHLESSNESS OF DR. ANDREWS' **RANEROS**-- AND PROBABLY THAT BUSINESS ABOUT THE EVIL GHOST'S **TALISMAN** IS NONSENSE TOO! BECAUSE PHILIP ME--HERE, WHERE A **TOUCHED RANERO** IS HUNG!

I-I'D BETTER PHONE ANDREWS ABOUT THIS-- BUT THE NEAREST PHONE IS AT A COTTAGE DOWN THE ROAD, AND HOW CAN I LEAVE YOU?

DON'T WORRY! EDWIN HAS SCARED OFF THE DEMON FOR A TIME-- BUT HURRY BACK!



AFTER RECOUNTING THE EVENTS--

MEANWHILE--AS NANGY WAITED IN FEAR--

NEXT MOMENT--

FEAR NOT, NANCY--

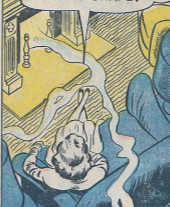
IMPOSSIBLE! AN EVIL GHOST **COULDN'T** LAY HANDS ON SOMEONE IN A ROOM PROTECTED BY THAT SYMBOL! I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

WHAT'S THAT--DANK ODOR, AS IF FROM AN ANCIENT GRAY? IT--IT SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM THE FIREPLACE! HEAVENS--**S-SOMETHING'S TAKING SHAPE!**

I MEAN YOU NO HARM, BUT YOU'RE IN DEADLY DANGER-- FROM MY EVIL BROTHER! ALREADY YOU'VE SEEN THAT THE MYSTIC SYMBOLS CANNOT THWART HIS POWER--AND HE PLANS TO STRIKE AGAIN WITHIN MINUTES! COME WITH ME-- TO A SECRET CHAMBER WHERE YOU'LL BE **SAFE!**



NEITHER DO I! THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY **STRANGE** GOING ON--AND ALL I KNOW IS THAT I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE CASTLE **FAST!**



AT THE SPECTER'S TOUCH--A LONG-HIDDEN PANEL CREAKED OPEN--

TRUE--BUT YOU'VE SEEN THAT THOSE DO NOT STOP MY BROTHER! HE'LL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR YOU IN AN **UNPROTECTED PLACE! COME!**

ENTERING THE CASTLE SCANT MOMENTS AFTER NANGY VANISHED INTO THE WALL, JIM WAS HORRIFIED TO FIND HER GONE! RACING ABOUT WILDLY, HIS FRUITLESS SEARCH LED TO THE STUDY, WHERE--

YOU! YOU MONSTER, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY WIFE? I KNOW YOU FOR THE KILLER YOU ARE! WELL, WHY DON'T YOU **ANSWER**--INSTEAD OF POINTING TO YOUR BROTHER'S PICTURE?



SOMETHING IN THE GHOST'S GESTURE COMPELLED JIM, AGAINST HIS WILL, TO INSPECT THE PORTRAIT! THEN--

GREAT SCOTT! THIS ONE'S WEARING THAT OLD RING-- THE VERY RING ON THE SPECTRAL HAND THAT STRANGLED UNCLE HORACE!



IT'S ALL CLEAR NOW! LIKE FOOLS, WE TOOK IT FOR GRANTED THAT THE **HANDSOME** GHOST WAS GOOD-- AND YOU **EVIL!** BUT YOU'RE THE GOOD ONE-- AND HE'S **PHILIP!** AND IF HE'S GOT POOR NANCY IN HIS POWER-- SHE'S **DOOMED!** PLEASE-- HELP ME-- HELP HER!



AS EDWIN PRESSED THE ANCIENT SPRING, DISCLOSING THE SECRET PASSAGEWAY--

I GET IT-- HE TOOK HER IN THERE! KEEP MOVING-- **HURRY!**



WELL? WHY ARE YOU PAUSING AT THIS OLD COFFIN? WHAT'S SO-- **GREAT GUNS!** IT'S THE COFFIN OF **PHILIP CARTERET--** AND EDWIN MUST WANT ME TO LIFT THE LID!



AS THE OLD LID OPENED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THREE CENTURIES--

PHILIP'S SKELETON-- WITH THE **RING** ON ITS FINGER! WAIT, DIDN'T DR. ANDREWS SAY, "FIND THE SPIRIT'S **TALISMAN--** THAT WHICH ACCOMPANIES HIS EVIL-- AND IT MAY BE TURNED AGAINST HIM, DRIVING HIM BACK INTO THE **UNKNOWN!**" I'LL SLIP IT ON MY FINGER-- AND HEAD UP THOSE STAIRS ON THE DOUBLE!



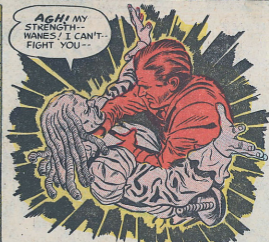
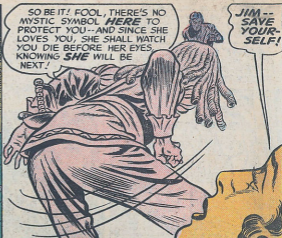
AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE SECRET CHAMBER ABOVE--

EDWIN! YOUR FACE-- IT'S DIFFERENT-- CHANGING-- **EVIL!** WH-WHAT'S HAPPENED-- **WH--** WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?



HA-HA! IT WAS YOUR MISTAKE, THINKING **I** WAS EDWIN! YOU SEE, I'M REALLY **PHILIP--** AND YOU'RE THE LAST OF THE CARTERETS-- **A FITTING CLOSE TO MY CAREER OF VEN-GEANCE!**







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From **YOUR EDITOR-** to **YOU!**

GREETINGS TO ALL you wonderful fans of "Forbidden Worlds"! Glad you were able to attend this meeting, because it promises to be an interesting one! So sit down...make yourselves comfortable. Feeling sufficiently spooky, we trust? Then let's proceed to the principal business on today's agenda. It's a rather interesting problem which has been posed to us...and we know you'll be interested, too, since it concerns you. Here it is; just what constitutes a typical "Forbidden Worlds" fan?

It's vastly important for us to determine this in all its details, because it's for just such a person that this magazine, issue after issue, is framed. In other words, we think we know just who and what you are and what it is that you demand from such a publication as ours. We're going to describe you as we feel you are, and if we're wrong on the slightest details...please, please tell us so! To begin with, Mr. or Miss Typical Fan, you're somebody to whom the great Unknown is a constant and thrilling challenge. From your earliest memory, you've been vitally interested in what lies beyond the pale of the known. You've felt that there's far more, in life

and after it, than is known to the minds of mortals. Your imagination is a keen and living thing, ever rising to the pulsing promise of forbidden worlds...to all the weird creatures that throng the night...to zombies, werewolves, vampires, witches, ghosts! You respond eagerly to spine-tingling tales of the supernatural...but shun the stories of senseless terror that inferior publications strive to foist upon you.

If this is you, then our current issue will hit home, since it's been framed with just such a fan in mind. You're bound to tense and thrill to such a story as "The Champ", one of the best supernatural efforts in many a month. You'll respond to the breathless challenge of "The Specters of Carteret Castle", an eerie mystery you'll long remember. "Passport From The Beyond" should captivate you through its weird appeal...and "Tree of Terror" is a good old-fashioned thriller which rounds out an A-1 issue! But it's what you think that counts...and we want to hear from you! Address your letter to The Editor, "Forbidden Worlds", 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. And here's a sample of what some of our other fans are saying!

"Dear Editor:-

I read every copy of 'Forbidden Worlds' that I can get, and can hardly wait until the next issue appears. I especially like to read your wonderful magazine on stormy nights. I thought 'The Cursed Casket' was tops. Let's have more like this one, and keep up the great work!

--Harry Taylor, Princeton, W. Va."

"Dear Editor:-

I've already sent you a few letters of congratulation, but I think 'Forbidden Worlds' calls for more. Who are your authors and artists? I've got every one of your issues saved...I'll never miss a one!

--Andrew Romano, Newark, N. J."

"Dear Editor:-

I think 'Forbidden Worlds' is not only wonderful, but the best going! You're doing a great job of concentrating on truly terrific stories. Right now, I'm waiting for your next issue!

--Patricia Shepherd, Southold, N. Y."

OF THE MANY GRIM SUPERNATURAL MANIFESTATIONS WHICH ARE REPORTED YEARLY FROM VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD, SOME OF THE MOST SPINE-CHILLING CONCERN EVENTS OCCURRING RIGHT HERE IN THE UNITED STATES! GET SET FOR A SPELLBINDING ADVENTURE INTO THE UNKNOWN--AS YOU MEET THE HEX WOMAN--IN--

PASSPORT FROM THE BEYOND!





YOU DRIVE A HARD BARGAIN! BUT I'LL DO IT--IF YOU GUARANTEE NO SLIP-UPS!

HOW KIN THERE BE 3 CITY FOLKS DON'T BELIEVE IN MEN DYIN' BY THE **SUPERNATURAL!**

PEOPLE IN THESE HILLS'D KNOW BETTER THAN T'LEAVE BITS O' THEIR HAIR LYIN' AROUND--THEY KNOW HOW MUCH **TROUBLE** IT COULD LEAD TO! THERE--I'M READY NOW!

IS IT TRUE YOU CAUSED FARMER TIPTON TO DIE OF THE FEVER--AND THAT YOU DESTROYED MARY BROWN'S FARM BECAUSE SHE INSULTED YOU? WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL I HEARD LOTS OF STORIES ABOUT YOU!



OF **COURSE** IT'S TRUE! NOW LOOK CLOSE--I DREW THE MYSTIC CIRCLE ON THE TABLE AND PLACED THE DOOMED MAN'S HAIR INSIDE--SPRINKLIN' THE WHOLE THING OVER WITH **BLACK POWDER!** MY GRANDMAMMY SAID SHE GOT IT FROM SATAN HIMSELF! NOW--THE **INCANTATION!**



LET DEATH DESCEND UPON HIS EYES WHOSE HAIR WITHIN THE CIRCLE LIES! SATANUS! BEELZEBUB! MEPHISTOPHELES!

WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING? THAT MIST--IT'S TAKING SHAPE!



IT--IT'S THE FACE OF MY--**HUSBAND!** BUT HE LOOKS--**DEAD!** THAT'S HOW HE **WILL** LOOK--**TOMORROW NIGHT!** GO HOME--**THE DEED IS DONE!**



THE NEXT DAY--

--AND THEN SHE SAID HE'D DIE **TONIGHT!** WE'LL BE **FREE**, JOE--WE CAN GET **MARRIED--**

I DON'T BELIEVE IN THIS MUMBO-JUMBO HONEY, AND IF IT DON'T WORK--WE'LL GET RID OF THE OLD BOY **MY WAY!**



THAT NIGHT--

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DEAR? YOU'RE NOT LOOKING AT ALL **WELL!**

I-I DON'T KNOW! ALL DAY I'VE BEEN FEELING--**STRANGE!** MAYBE I'D BETTER CALL A DOCTOR!



SUDDENLY--
SHARI!
I-I--
AAGH!

DID YOU WANT A
DOCTOR, DEAR?
HA-HA! YOU SHALL
HAVE ONE!

IT'S-- **INCREDIBLE!** HE
WAS IN **EXCELLENT**
HEALTH!-- HIS HEART WAS
SOUND AS A DRUM! AND YET
--A SUDDEN
ATTACK HAS
KILLED
HIM!

OH, MY POOR,
POOR DARLING!

WEEKS LATER -- SINCE THERE
ARE NO
OTHER HEIRS--THE ENTIRE
FORTUNE GOES TO **YOU!** ALL
IN ALL IT COMES TO ALMOST
EXACTLY--
FOUR MILLION
DOLLARS!

FOUR MILLION
--MINE!
ENOUGH FOR
TEN LIFETIMES!

SOON AFTERWARDS--

ARE YOU KIDDIN'? YOU
MEAN YOU'RE GONNA GIVE
THAT CRAZY OLD DAME HALF
THE FORTUNE--**TWO**
MILLION
BUCKS?

I'M NOT **THAT**
CRAZY! BUT WE
MADE A BARGAIN,
AND SHE'LL TRY
TO HOLD ME TO
IT--AS LONG AS
SHE'S **ALIVE!**

YOU MEAN YOU'RE
GONNA--?

WHAT DO **YOU**
THINK?

AT THE FOLLOWING NIGHT--AFTER A LONG
JOURNEY--

SO IT'S **YOU,**
SHARI HAWKINS-- I'VE
BEEN **WAITIN'** FOR YOU!
WHERE'S THE MONEY?

IN THIS
BRIEFCASE!
LET ME IN
AND I'LL
COUNT IT
OUT!

BUT--THERE'S ONLY
\$20,000! WE BARGAINED
FOR HALF!

I TOOK ALL THE
RISKS, YOU OLD
HAG! **THAT'S**
ALL YOU'RE
GETTING!



CHEAT ME, WILL YOU? I GOT
WAYS OF DEALIN' WITH THE LIKES
OF YOU!



YOU'RE ASKING
FOR IT, YOU OLD HAG!
AND YOU'LL GET IT--
RIGHT BETWEEN
THE EYES!

BUT AS SHARI PULLED THE
GUN THE WIDOW MADE A
SUDDEN LUNGE! THEN--



YOU'LL DIE
FOR THIS,
FOOL!

YOU DEMON!
YOU FORGET
-- I'M
STRONGER!

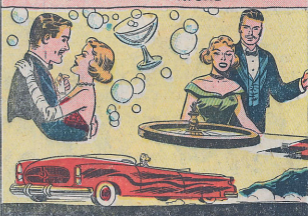
AS THE YOUNG WOMAN'S
STRENGTH PREVAILED--



NO--DONIT!
AAGHH!

BANG!
BANG!

FOR THREE WEEKS AFTERWARDS, SHARI'S LIFE WAS A
RIOT OF LAUGHTER AND GAIETY! SHE WAS YOUNG,
BEAUTIFUL--AND SHE HAD A FORTUNE--



BUT ONE NIGHT, AS SHE
PREPARED FOR A GAY EVENING--

LIKE I SAID--
I'VE GOT
ENOUGH
FOR TEN
LIFETIMES!



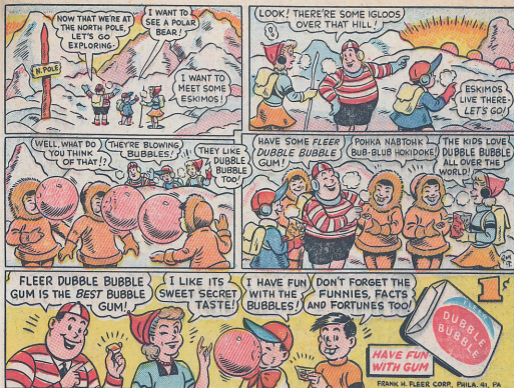
PERHAPS,
FOOL--BUT
THIS ONE IS
COMING TO AN
END!

Y-YOU!
B-BUT
YOU'RE
DEAD--
BURIED!

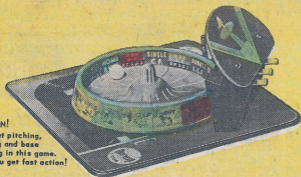
TRUE! BUT THESE
HAIRS--YOUR HAIR--
WHICH I TORE OFF IN
THE STRUGGLE--THEY
HAVE GIVEN ME A
PASSPORT FROM
THE BEYOND!
YOU SHALL DIE
FOR YOUR CRIME!



THE END



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"MAYBE YOU READ ABOUT ME IN THE PAPERS--**BARRY JONES**--THE GEOLOGIST WHO CAME BACK FROM THE TROPICAL ISLAND OF SUMATRA WITH A STORY NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE! BUT PETE BENSON DIDN'T COME BACK--AND IF A SHRIVELED CORPSE COULD TALK--MAYBE HE'D CONVINCE YOU ABOUT THE--

TREE OF TERROR!



"IS THERE URANIUM IN SUMATRA? THAT'S WHAT PETE AND I WANTED TO FIND OUT--**BUT WE NEVER GOT A CHANCE!**"

WE SURE PICKED A STRANGE DISTRICT, PETE! SUMATRA'S HEAVILY POPULATED, BUT **THERE'S** THE ONE REMAINING NATIVE IN **THIS** REGION--**KEETA!**

A DILLY LIKE HER-- AND YOU'RE **COMPLAINING?**



I'M JUST WONDERING, CHUM-- **WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHER MEMBERS OF KEETA'S TRIBE?** THERE USED TO BE A VILLAGE NEAR HERE--**AND IT'S DESERTED!**

MAYBE I CAN GET THE DOPE FROM KEETA--I'VE DATED HER FOR A STROLL THERE IN THE JUNGLE

TONIGHT! BUT DON'T LET ON I'VE TOLD YOU ABOUT IT--KEETA'S GOT THE IDEA YOU'D BE JEALOUS IF YOU FOUND OUT!

"I WAS GOING TO REMEMBER THAT NIGHT--WITH JUNGLE BATS FLITTING ACROSS THE ORANGE MOON--

TIME TO TAKE OFF, BARRY-- KEETA'S WAITING OUT THERE! DON'T YOU WISH YOU WERE **ME?**

I DUNNO, PAL! I DON'T WANT TO QUEER YOUR ROMANCE BY SAYING THERE'S SOMETHING **SPOOKY** ABOUT THIS JUNGLE--**BUT YOU CAN HAVE IT!**



"MAYBE YOU THINK I SCARE EASILY--BUT HERE'S WHAT I HEARD A HALF-HOUR LATER!"

HELP!

GREAT GUNS--
THAT'S PETE!



BARRY--FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, HURRY! IT'S GOT ME--I CAN'T GET AWAY!



GOOD GOSH! THAT SOUNDED CLOSE--BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF PETE! HE'S DISAPPEARED!



"THEN I SPOTTED SOMETHING UNDER A LARGE TREE... A TREE WITH DARK, SCALY BRANCHES QUIVERING IN THE MOONLIGHT!"

PETE'S GUN! HE TRIED TO PROTECT HIMSELF-- BUT AGAINST **WHAT?** COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A LEOPARD--THERE'S NO SIGN OF BLOOD OR TRACKS!

"THERE WAS A RUSTLE IN THE UNDERBRUSH--AND I DARTED TOWARD IT!"

KEETA! I THOUGHT IT WAS PETE--**WHAT IN THE DEVIL HAPPENED TO HIM?**

PETE--GONE? KEETA WAS ASLEEP-- HEARD YELL-- CAME TO FIND OUT!



MAYBE IS JUST JOKE! MAYBE PETE CAME BACK!

SHE DOESN'T KNOW PETE TOLD ME THEY'D BE **TOGETHER!** COULD BE SHE'S TOO TERRIFIED TO TALK--**BUT SHE WAS HERE WHEN IT HAPPENED!**



"THAT'S THE WAY THINGS STOOD... UNTIL LATE THE FOLLOWING EVENING--"

I'M GOING NUTS TRYING TO FIGURE IT OUT! PETE WAS CLOSE TO THAT BIG TREE WHEN HE VANISHED--**COULD THAT HAVE HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT?**



YOU WORRY ABOUT PETE... BUT MAYBE HE IS STILL ALIVE! COME WITH KEETA--LET US LOOK FOR HIM--**NOW!**

I'VE GIVEN UP HOPE, KEETA! GO AHEAD IF YOU WANT TO-- I'M STAYING **HERE!**



"DID YOU EVER SPEND A HALF-HOUR IN THE JUNGLE NIGHT--**ALONE?** BIT BY BIT, YOU FIND YOU'VE GOT AN INVISIBLE COMPANION-- AND ITS NAME IS **FEAR!**"

AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO PETE, I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET KEETA GO OFF BY HERSELF! I'LL HEAD ALONG THE RIDGE--AND SEE IF I CAN SPOT HER BELOW!



THERE SHE IS--UNDER THAT BIG TREE! **HOLY SMOKE--WHAT'S THAT COMING OUT OF THE GROUND?**

THEY'RE ROOTS--TWISTING AROUND HER BODY LIKE AN OCTOPUS!



GOOD GRAY! THE ROOTS ARE PULLING HER INTO THE GROUND--AND I'M NOT CLOSE ENOUGH TO HELP!



CRUNCH!

THERE SHE GOES! THAT THING MAY LOOK LIKE A TREE--BUT IT'S A MONSTER--A MAN-EATER!



THAT'S THE WAY PETE DIED--CHOKING AND GASPING WHILE THOSE SQUIRMING ROOTS DRAGGED HIM UNDERGROUND! A DEMON TREE--A TREE OF TERROR--HOW'LL I EVER MANAGE TO DESTROY IT?





"BUT AS SHE ADVANCED--I WAS SWEET BY A SINGLE DRIVING IMPULSE!"

GIVE KEETA THE GUN!
I'VE GOT TO RESIST! KEETA KILLED PETE! SHE'S THE VERY LIFE FORCE OF THE TREE OF TERROR!



KEETA--YOUR MAGIC ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH!



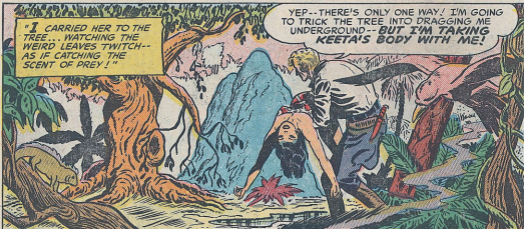
"I CLOSED MY EYES FOR AN INSTANT-- AND WHEN I LOOKED DOWN-- I KNEW I'D WON!"

SHE'S JUST THE WAY SHE WAS-- BEAUTIFUL AND ALLURING--**BUT DEAD!** AND SINCE THE TREE WON'T SEIZE ANYTHING BUT A LIVING VICTIM-- I'VE GOT TO BRACE MYSELF FOR AN ORDEAL!



"I CARRIED HER TO THE TREE... WATCHING THE WEIRD LEAVES TWITCH-- AS IF CATCHING THE SCENT OF PREY!"

YEP--THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY! I'M GOING TO TRICK THE TREE INTO DRAGGING ME UNDERGROUND--**BUT I'M TAKING KEETA'S BODY WITH ME!**



I'D BETTER BRACE MYSELF! THE ROOTS ARE COMING UP--THEY'RE GROPPING TOWARD ME!



"I TOOK A LONG, ANGUISHED BREATH--AS THE CREEPING GRIP STARTED TO PULL US DOWN--TOGETHER!"

WHATEVER HAPPENS-- I WON'T LET GO OF HER!



"THEN--THE EARTH CLOSED ABOVE ME!"

IT'S LIKE BEING BURIED ALIVE! BUT IF I BLACK OUT NOW-- I'M DONE FOR!





HOLY MACKEREL!
THIS CAVE UNDER THE
TREE IS CRAMMED
WITH VICTIMS--IT'S
LIKE A STOREROOM
OF DEATH!



BARRY...
BARRY...
GOOD LORD--
PETE! HE STILL
HAS A SPARK
OF LIFE, AND
SO HAVE THE OTHERS
--THEY'RE THINGS
WHOSE HALF-DEAD
BODIES
KEEP THE
TREE ALIVE!



BARRY...
LOOK
OUT...
THE ROOTS!
THEY'RE
COMING AFTER
ME-- I'M
HEMMED IN!



I'VE GOT TO FIGHT CLEAR!
IF JUST ONE OF THE
HIDEOUS THING GETS A
FIRM HOLD-- I'LL BE
HELPLESS!



"[I]NCH BY INCH, THEY CREEPT
FORWARD--AND I HOWLED
LIKE A CORNERED BEAST!"

NO--NO--THERE'S
WHAT YOU WANT!
SHE'S LYING THERE
HELPLESS--SHE
CAN'T ESCAPE--
TAKE HER!



THE ROOTS ARE TURNING TOWARD
KEETA! THANK HEAVEN THERE'S STILL
SOME FADING WARMTH IN HER BODY--
THEY THINK THEY'VE
FOUND SOMETHING
ALIVE!



LOOK AT THEM--WRITHING ALL
OVER HER! NOW THEY'VE GOT
THEIR PREY--AND IT MEANS THE
TREE WILL ABSORB
DEATH INTO EVERY
HORRIBLE TWIG
AND LEAF!

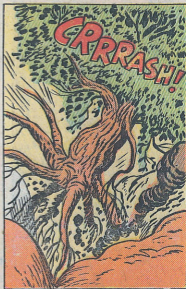


"SUDDENLY, I REELED--AS THE EARTH HEAVED AROUND ME!"

YE GODS! THE WHOLE CAVE'S SHUDDERING--IT'S LIKE A MONSTER IN ANGUISH!



"THE ROOTS WEREN'T CRAWLING NOW! THEY LASHED IN TORTURE AMID THE CRUMBLING SOIL-- AND ABOVE--I HEARD A ROAR!"



THE ROOTS ARE BARELY QUIVERING! THIS IS IT-- THE TREES IN ITS DEATH THROES!



THE PIT'S COLLAPSING! THANK GOSH, I GOT OUT IN TIME!



I DON'T CARE WHO BELIEVES MY STORY! ALL THAT MATTERS IS THAT THE DEAD ROOTS OF THE TREE OF TERROR WILL NEVER CREEP TOWARD ANOTHER VICTIM! THEY'LL LIE THERE AND ROT... UNTIL RAIN AND SUN PURGE THE JUNGLE OF THEIR EVIL!





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NOW!

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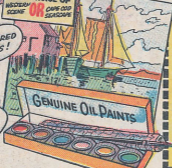
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NAME

(Please print in pencil)

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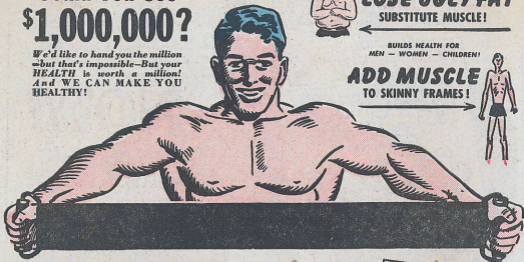
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